At the suggestion of a colleague, I agreed to meet good-natured, inquisitive old Calais Steever, longtime faculty member at a university a bit east of my own, from whom I was supposed to learn remarkable things about what the “teaching and learning” people often call pedagogy. Without warning, my friend sent me an e-mail to say that she had arranged for me to meet Professor Steever for dinner while he was passing through on his way to see a relative, and with some reluctance, and a quick check of my calendar, I agreed.

I found Calais Steever dozing comfortably by the barroom TV of Devil’s, the eclectic tavern on the south edge of the university, and I noticed that he was a little bald but fit for his mid-60s (I guessed), with an expression of gentle thoughtfulness on his face, as if dreaming something amusingly intellectual. I could see that what must have been a long day of meetings, classes, and piles of student papers had taken its toll on him: even a close game between our state’s NFL team and its most hated rival wasn’t enough to conquer the delicious seduction of sleep, broken now and then by the clink of a glass or the sound of a bar stool scraped back on the Devil’s oak floor.

“Calais Steever?” I ventured softly.

“Ah, you must be Stephen,” he said, rousing himself. “A pleasure!”

He stood up and extended his hand.

“My colleague Preetha . . .” I started.

“Yes, she’s told me a lot about you.”

“Hopefully all good,” I said, smiling but regretting the cliché.

“Nothing but,” he replied. “Preetha’s terrific. Wonderful teacher, too.”

He glanced at the TV as the announcer reached a fever pitch and the crowd roared over a touchdown.

“Have you eaten here before?” I asked, worried that the burger-and-fries menu might be a little too basic even for a quick “pedagogical” meal.

“Oh, I lived in these parts some years ago. Actually I made reservations at Croyez across the street. Much nicer, but no TV.”

“We can stay to watch . . .”
“Oh, no, no, Stephen,” he insisted. “Football is far less interesting to me than talking about teaching. And Devil’s is, well, you know, a little uncomplicated.”

Within a few minutes after Calais had dropped a five next to his beer mug and gathered his things, we were seated in a corner of Croyez, a small but elegantly appointed place with a bistrolike continental menu and an aura of relaxed sophistication. And so began an hour and a half with Calais Steever that rivaled the most engaged of the faculty workshops I had attended in my twenty years as tenured professor in a department of biology. For some reason that escaped our conversation, Calais had taken a lifelong interest in teaching that almost dwarfed his own specialization in his research area. Mine, I explained, was oceanography. His was history. “British,” he informed me as we were brought menus. “To 1688. But unlike many of my colleagues, I actually prefer teaching in the gen-ed curriculum—what they call the pulp courses, you know, Introduction to Western Civilization, great, sweeping brush strokes of humanity.”

I soon learned that even in the midst of all those usual expectations for scholarship at his institution, which, like mine, was “research extensive”—all those criteria and standards, all that vita building, all the inducements to get cloistered in the lab or the library carrel or closed-door office—Calais had tapped into some inner passion for teaching. At times during our dinner together, I felt almost guilty, as if in becoming an expert on thermohaline circulation in large-scale ocean-atmosphere interactions, I’d been neglecting something important, like feeding the dog or paying the mortgage. “Teacher first,” Cal proclaimed, sniffing the cork of the Médoc he’d ordered—fifty bucks at least—in a move that seemed to take control of the dinner. Knowing how highly Preetha had spoken of Calais’s reputation as a scholar, I wondered how he’d managed, and my seagoing data-collection trips, the classes covered by teaching assistants and colleagues, my labwork, all the conferences and hours of writing for publication darted through my mind like the silver streaks of those tiny delta smelt, Hypomesus transpacificus.

Our meal began simply enough, with pear and gorgonzola salads and Calais’s pronouncement that he had discovered a writing method that almost guaranteed learning, rich learning, deep learning that engaged students, that got them—especially the newbies—thinking outside the shells of their preconceptions and warm, familial influences. He used words like challenge from within and unconscious play between belief and doubt, his gentle urgency seeming to rise at the rate the wine was disappearing.

The idea, he said, was so simple it was brilliant. “Most human learn-
ing takes place *dialogically*, which is to say that it involves the back and forth of ideas, the negotiation and mediation of thought. But much of our *teaching* goes on utterly monologically, regularly scheduled dronings about this or that idea or concept or term or theory or whatever else we think needs to penetrate the poor, dim consciousness of our students. Many ask whether we can *present* more dialogically, but that’s an oxymoron. We want to ask whether the classroom can become a place of true dialogue.”

“And?”

“And I say, not without writing. We try. Socratic method, or those occasions when we toss out questions and let students go at them as we step aside a little. But they — the students, I mean — don’t really *get out of* themselves. They end up arguing a point they haven’t really scrutinized, questioned, explored. Sessions like that may be interesting, but I don’t know whether they transform students’ thinking.” He leaned back. “Sometimes I think they even end up more entrenched in their views. What I’m proposing is both a theory and a method, I guess. But it’s the method I want to share with you.”

For a moment, I was worried that I’d agreed to be proselytized and that Calais was some kind of evangelical educator, peddling this or that new gimmick and maybe even a bunch of training manuals to boot. Apparently, some of his ideas had come from the work of several educational scholars, among them a man named Vygostky, a Russian psychologist who placed dialogue, and cultural interaction more generally, at the center of human learning in a model Calais called “social cognition.” People, he said — especially children — learn through interaction with others in a variety of problem-solving contexts. Eventually, the child’s own language, internalized, becomes the main tool for intellectual development and transformation — at least, this is what I derived from Calais’ summary. I jotted down Vygotsky’s and a few other names and concepts on the back of one of my business cards — Burke’s “consubstantiation” and another Russian, Bakhtin, whose approach, from what I could gather, focuses on both the way that ideas are interwoven with multiple sources of prior speech and knowledge and experience in a kind of huge web, and how any learning exists in a territory shared by conversants and sort of mediated by language. But I have yet to investigate all this beyond some quick online searches.

I was consoled a little when he steered the conversation in the direction of my research, my work at the university, and bits and pieces of my family life, but soon we were back at it, and I was listening to more animated pronouncements about active learning and inquiry-guided instruction and
ill-structured problems, all interwoven with a heavy thread about the role of dialogue—of having students write dialogues.

By the time my cassoulet and Calais’s orange roughy arrived, I had armed myself with an almost forced skepticism. I didn’t want to sit there nodding like a bobblehead, and mild resistance seemed like a way to push our conversation forward. At the same time, something intrigued me about Calais’s ideas. As he dug into the fish—which the waiter had recommended but I had politely declined (never having the stomach to eat the objects of my study)—I decided to push back a little.

“But Calais, doesn’t it really depend on your goal? There’s no sense in asking students to create a dialogue if they need to learn facts and details.”

“Please, call me Cal,” he said. “Everyone does. But go on.”

When I had asked her about his unusual name some weeks before, Preetha never mentioned the abbreviated version. Apparently his father, James, who had worked for an American manufacturer of fine ties, met a young woman, Jane, while on an extended business trip to London between the wars. On a weekend escape, they had traveled by train to Dover, where they picnicked on a hillside and put up in a dreary little inn for the night, etcetera. The next day, tiring of seagulls and bland food, they decided to take a ferry across the channel to indulge in a little French culture: a pleasant lunch of ecrevesse, a bottle of Vouvray, a stroll by the quay. Missing the return ferry, they found a much nicer hotel for the night in Calais, where they replicated their passion in more attractive surroundings. The result of this binational fling was Calais (the person), already incubating as Jane returned to her desk job in a London bank. James and Jane soon married, several months before Calais came along. Favoring England, James figured that the baby got its start in Dover, but Jane, unwilling to picture the enchanted beginnings of her child in a room with peeling, onion-colored wallpaper and smoke-stained curtains, insisted on a cozier genesis in Calais. She won, and the idea for the name—this for a possible son—soon followed (with the ridiculous and quickly rejected alternative, “Dover,” securing her conviction, in spite of James’s proposals for “Matthew” and “Arnold”). Jane moved to the United States, and that was that.

“Okay, Cal it is,” I smiled, but eager to get to my point. “So, imagine I’m teaching our infamous BIO 101. Early on we’re learning about the phyla of multicellular animals, metazoans. We’re looking at acelomates, flatworms, say, and I’m presenting some stuff on the mesoderm, ectoderm, endoderm, digestive cavity, you know, on a screen, with a pointer. At this juncture, with so much background to learn, how can a dialogue help at all? That thing’s
gross’, says Kim. ‘No it’s not, it’s quite symmetrical and well designed.’ ‘We should find a way to wipe them out.’ ‘Well, Kim, not all flatworms are parasitic.’ And so on, while we lose valuable time for true coverage of the material.” I sipped my wine while Cal thought it over.

“There are probably several functions of dialoguing,” he said eventually, and I could sense he was standing back from the whole issue a little, as if recalibrating his argument. “Yes, one function might be to negotiate tensions in material, such as reconciling two theories of global warming or whether an ecological chain reaction might happen if the bee population were decimated. And then there’s my favorite, the function of getting students out of their own heads, compelling them to accept another perspective, just for a while, as they think up what an interlocutor might say, how someone else, an other, might respond to what they think they believe. But I see no reason why dialogue can’t be used to teach even the most rudimentary or factual material.”

“But how?” I said, realizing Cal had moved me no closer to buy-in.

Holding up his forefinger as if to stop me from further thought, Cal reached down into a burnished leather bag at his feet, the kind with a flap and buckles and a shoulder strap. Repositioning his plate and wine glass, he placed an accordion file of labeled folders on the table and thumbed through them. “Here,” he said, pulling a folder out and retrieving a paper from it. “Casey Scarborough. She was enrolled in a philosophy course.”

Ms. Scarborough’s paper, titled “Hume, the Hellish Boys, and the Toad,” was set in the woods on a Saturday. Three young kids sporting firecrackers come across a toad in the leaves and decide to put a firecracker in its mouth and blow it up. Suddenly, Hume shows up with a walking stick, and the five characters engage in an extended conversation. The toad, pleading for his life, tries to make a case that the world is fundamentally moral, that the cruel kids’ intentions violate some deep principles of right and wrong, good and bad. Hume, for his part, explains that nothing in the boys’ actions has anything to do with right and wrong.

Hume: Toad, you can examine these boys’ plans for murder from any angle you want, but all you’ll find is thoughts, volition, motives. There’s nothing in what the boys want to do that is factually wrong. The world is indifferent. Your sense of the wrongness lies in your own breast, in your contemplation, not in the world.

Toad: Then there is no reason! There is no order! There is no possibility for a society, toadly or humanly!

Boy 1: Blow him up! Blow him up!

Hume: If these boys stepped on you accidentally and killed you, as I did one night
closing a door whose jamb your cousin Frog had crawled into, the result would be the same: amphibious death. Same outcome, different intention. The world doesn’t care.

And on the exchange went, until the boys eventually left out of sheer boredom and Toad was spared, arguing with Hume that order had come from intervention, and that not all was lost.

“This is quite original,” I said, flipping back through the paper. “But are we judging Ms. Scarborough’s creativity or her knowledge of the philosophy?”

“Exactly!” Cal almost yelled. “If we look through the original scene, which I give you is pretty interesting, we know whether the student has learned what Hume is talking about. Her teacher said that learning was obvious in the way she captured Hume’s argument about how bad actions arise only from our feelings or sentiment of blame from comprehending them, not from any reasonable reality. My point: Ms. Scarborough couldn’t not learn the material.” He sat back with an air of having concluded an extended oration.

“But couldn’t she get this from careful reading and maybe the threat of a quiz?”

Cal shook his head. “Not as fully, I’d argue. But what’s more, she’s not just taking Hume at face value. See, she’s making Hume convince Toad, who’s in a position not to want to believe that the universe is random. The dialogue is creating this marvelous tension between acceptance and denial.” He thumbed through the file folders again. “Here, take a look at this one.”

Cal handed me another photocopy of an untitled paper by a Brandon Walker. At first puzzled, I quickly realized that Brandon had created a fictitious Instant Messenger chat. “This one,” Cal explained, “is from a unit in a history course on the origins of literacy in Western thought. Do you know the name Ong?” he asked, but anticipating the shake of my head, went on: “Famous scholar of the development of literacy in Greece. Walker was doing this paper a few months after Ong passed away.”

I skimmed the start of the dialogue.

ThePrattler02: Hey, are you Walter Ong, the Saint Louis University professor who writes about literacy?
Don’tGongI’mOng: Well, I’m dead, so I don’t teach there anymore, but I bet I’m the person you’re thinking of. Why do you ask?
ThePrattler02: I just finished reading your essay “Writing Is a Technology That Restructures Thought” and I was hoping we could discuss it for a bit.
Don’tGongI’mOng: As long as it doesn’t take too long, that would be fine. I’m meeting Plato later this afternoon for golf. That guy’s a lot more fun than you might think.*
ThePrattler02: Uh, okay. You argue that writing creates distance between the known and the knower but that it also brings the two closer together. I’m having a difficult time reconciling these two seemingly contradictory ideas.
Don’tGongI’mOng: Actually, they aren’t contradictory, but complementary. Each feeds off of and fuels the other. The distance I wrote about refers to the objectivity that comes out of writing thoughts and ideas down. By having an intermediary, the text itself, that is not actually knowledge but only a representation of that knowledge that can be used to generate that same knowledge in the reader, writing brings the knowledge outside the thinking of the knower. You follow me?
ThePrattler02: I think so, but how does that bring the two closer together?
Don’tGongI’mOng: Well, since the linear nature of writing makes possible the kind of logical and scientific reasoning we use to study writing itself, the knowledge we get from that study and use to more fully understand the nature of writing makes us more conscious about how we use that knowledge.

*Ong repeatedly refers to Plato’s *Phaedrus* and his Seventh Letter, in which Plato seems to denounce writing as, among other things, a destroyer of memory, inhuman, and unresponsive to criticism and debate. The irony, as Ong points out, is that the “thought processes” that allowed Plato to criticize the practice of writing could only have been possible due to the influence writing had on his thinking.

“Again,” I said, flipping through the rest of the paper, “this is all quite interesting, but don’t you think that allowing this student to write in this . . . this chat-speak only reinforces the bad habits that so many of our students have learned through all their social networking and text messaging and all that?”

Cal smiled in a way that made me wonder whether he was pitying me or understanding my point. “Imagine that Erika—that’s the teacher—had asked this class to summarize the article they’d read by Ong. After procrastinating on the assignment, Mr. Walker pops open his laptop and roams around in Wikipedia or makes a beeline for Google. Eventually he finds some material summarizing Ong’s points, and voilà—the paper writes itself. Or he could just patchwrite, stringing together bits and pieces about Ong from various sources. You see, this teacher wanted her students to *read* the material carefully and then to *weigh* it through dialogue. The choice of IM is really beside the point. It’s the engagement with Ong’s ideas that matters.”
“Could it be that students just fake the reading? I mean, you know, ‘Hi, I’m Ong,’ ‘Hi, I’m Brandon,’ ‘How’s it going?’ ‘Oh, fine. I enjoyed your article,’ ‘Good, thank you, I’m glad you liked it,’ yadda yadda.”

“Did you notice the footnotes?” Cal asked.

“Well, I did. Isn’t it a little odd to find that in an IM chat?”

Cal brightened. “Exactly. See, Erika felt that if students were to include academic explanations in their actual dialogues, it would take some of the fun out of them, you know, make them sort of artificial. So she requires students to include explanatory footnotes that are not really part of the dialogue but help to explain it, and also give her evidence that the students know the material. It’s called an annotated dialogue.”

“And you think students really read better when they do this sort of thing?” I asked.

“Everyone who has used dialogues in this way thinks so. At least, in my experience.”

As the waiter refilled our water glasses, I took a moment to reflect on what Cal was proposing. “So it’s all about reading,” I said, still looking at Brandon’s paper. “Okay, I admit that it might work for the teacher of these courses. You social science types teach subjects that lend themselves to this kind of, you know, swirling stuff around in your head. And the humanities, philosophy, for sure. But in my case, I have content that students need to learn pretty factually. How am I gonna get Mr. Walker to know the difference between eukaryotes and prokaryotes?”

Cal thumbed through more folders. “Here’s a great one. And the bonus is it’s in an article advocating the method.”

I glanced at the title: “Dialogues as Case Studies,” by Clyde Freeman Herreid, from an edited collection Start with a Story: The Case Method of Teaching College Science. The article explained various roles of dialogue in the author’s sciences classes. Cal had used a heavy yellow highlighter to box off an example of a student paper from a general biology class that had responded to an assignment to be written in dialogue form, in no fewer than five pages, between two people on opposite sides of a question about the cloning of animals. The highlighted paper, written by a first-year student, began as follows:

This dialogue is between two students at the University of Buffalo. Steve is a little uncomfortable about cloning, while Sally presents many valid arguments in favor of it. Steve presents many moral questions that Sally answers.
Steve: Sally, are you aware that the Scottish embryologist, Ian Wilmut, cloned a sheep from adult cells and now there are many moral, economic, and political questions that must be answered?

Sally: Interestingly enough, I was just reading about this topic in a magazine. I was amazed at the simplicity of the cloning process used by Dr. Wilmut and his colleagues. The process of cloning a sheep begins by taking the cells from the udder of an adult sheep and placing them in a culture with a few nutrients. The purpose of this is to starve the cells so that they stop dividing, which switches off the active genes. While they starve these cells, they take an unfertilized egg from a different ewe and remove the nucleus from this unfertilized egg. Then they place the unfertilized egg next to one of the original starved cells.

And so the paper went, with further explanations yielding to an extended discussion about the ethics of the entire process.

“How is this so different from the others?” I asked Cal, who was waiting eagerly for my response.

“You were interested in the function of what I like to call rote learning, or at least the learning of facts,” Cal replied. “Look at all the evidence the writer provides that he has learned how cloning is done.”

I had to admit that although the dialogue seemed a little more stilted than the others, it did show the writer conveying information he was learning in the course. “But can’t you get this on a test?” I asked.

Cal frowned. “Think of the process, Stephen. The student prepares for the test by cramming information in and then spews it back, hoping for the best. Here the act of creating the dialogue forces the student to identify gaps in his knowledge, gaps he needs to fill before he can complete the paper. Not to mention the way he moves into the ethical dimensions and has to believe, at least for the moment, alternate views.”

I poured us more Médoc. “Another thing. What about tedium? Doesn’t all this dialoguing start to look like busy work?”

Cal knitted his fingers together. “Weave them into the fabric of your instruction. God knows, you’re not going to assign dialogues every day. Use them strategically.”

“Still—”

“And let your students invent the contexts for their dialogues,” he went on. “I’ve seen some really creative ideas. A student in a linguistics course carried on an extended conversation between Chomsky and Skinner, who apparently set in motion a famous debate about the nature of language in the context of Chomsky’s review of Skinner’s book. The student created a TV
talk show where these men were guests. The host asked questions that led to a lively discussion and in some ways even extended what the student had read in the essays. I mean, there’s no way you can not understand the material and still do this effectively."

“Couldn’t the students just pluck stuff from the essays and turn it into dialogue?”

“Well, not very authentically. Besides, that’s easily solved with a simple requirement: no direct quotation. Translation only. But some teachers adjust the audience. I remember a professor of accounting who required that students use a talk show as their backdrop, but the audience, nonexperts, had to ask questions at some point during the show. Students were compelled to come up with the questions and then answer them through the words of the panelists, who didn’t agree on the solutions. Fabulous!”

I was starting to see ways that I could use Cal’s method in my courses, but I wasn’t quite ready to admit it to him. Just a few days before, Cynthia Cudaback’s article “Ocean Literacy: There’s More to It Than Content,” published in the commentary section of Oceanography magazine, had got me thinking about whether the sole purpose of teaching introductory-level courses in factually based disciplines was the learning of facts. Cudaback’s piece had convincingly described other purposes for students’ learning of oceanography besides content, such as attitudes toward environmental stewardship, and I had been musing over some of the controversies that lay behind the so-called facts of my discipline. There were obviously all the environmental issues—that seemed fairly easy. Students also learned various exacting scientific methods in labs, such as how to measure dissolved organic matter in seawater, but I had never considered asking them to weigh opinions in the long-standing controversy over measurements of organic carbon and nitrogen in the northwestern Pacific, and whether the elevated concentrations were real. Perhaps they could create a dialogue between those who believe the measurements were flawed and those who believe they indicated certain changes in the concentrations.

Before I had a chance to share this idea with Cal, he had pulled several more papers from his batch of folders and was sorting through them energetically.

“Here’s another, from literature.” In a burst of memory, he grinned broadly. “This teacher—Randall Martoccia—oh, this is great. He’s interested in how quickly students make up their minds about characters in works of fiction. So he has them enter the fictional world, often as a lesser character,
an onlooker, who can both judge and not judge, accept and reject, as they please. Sometimes he has them write internal monologues that become di-
logic as they work through their thoughts. Take a look at this one.”

Calais handed me a paper about Hemingway’s “The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber” in which Macomber is speaking from the afterlife. The middle of the paper caught my eye:

I remember almost begging Wilson, a man who was working for me, to forgive my lack of strength. “I’m awfully sorry about that lion business. It doesn’t have to go any further, does it? I mean no one will hear about it, will they” (?). He looked at me so coldly, once I did finally look at his face. I don’t know why but I kept apologizing. Maybe enough “I’m sorries” will compensate my fleeing. They say you have to hit rock bottom before you can rise up. The combination of me not having respect for myself, nor anyone else including my wife, put my inner strength six feet under. My soul was dying, and I had to save it.

8. Francis’s dialogue for the entire page has him apologizing.

As I considered these variations, paper after paper emerged from Cal’s accordion file. A paper from psychology course involving a dialogue between Edward L. Thorndike as a graduate student and a cat trying to escape from a puzzle box in William James’s basement, where Thorndike was experiment-
ing. From a cultural anthropology course, a paper rendered as a script for a play, complete with stage directions, involving Margaret Mead and the Manus Islanders of New Guinea, with hilarious whispered asides by the natives; and another from a different anthropology course in which chimps carry on a conversation behind Jane Goodall’s back, with various jungle props. A paper from chemistry rendered as a fictitious weekly roundtable, the characters clearly in some kind of interpersonal conflict over the implications of their research, demonstrated in subtle facial gestures and under-the-table foot kicking. A paper from a graduate course in political science in which two opposing theorists who lived a hundred years apart accidentally meet in a rail car to hash out their ideas; for half the journey they are clacking along in a train driven by a steam locomotive which, in the second half, transforms itself into a European high-speed ICE.-3. In an astronomy paper, Galileo making his case from an invented version of his 1633 tribunal that casts the inquisitors in an almost reasonable light. Dialogues set in waiting rooms, airports, and coffee houses, or as radio shows, or as trials, or as congressional testimonies. Papers from music history, art history, economics, plant genet-
ics, recreation management, and architecture (including a highly imaginative
dialogue between a building and its designer, postmodernist Peter Eisenman;
recounting thousands of visitors’ disorienting experiences moving through its
weirdly designed interiors, the building pleads a social-functional perspective
of architecture while Eisenman tries to explain his “liberating” poststructur-
alist theory of form).

Throughout, Cal explained the dialogic nuances in each paper, how
we could see in this one the way the student accepted various ideas or balanced
them against each other, how in that one the student came to a deeper under-
standing of a theory and its origins. And in each successive paper, I could feel
myself developing a strange resolve, born less from a fear that I’d been starv-
ing the dog than from a commitment to spend some time tossing a Frisbee
for him.

When the waiter had cleared our plates and asked if we wanted to
see a dessert menu, I felt simultaneously drained of thought and eager, in a
cautious sort of way, to look through my syllabus and course plans for next
semester’s coastal oceanography course. Glancing around, I suddenly felt as
if it were very late. All the customers seemed to have left hours before, but
in fact the restaurant had never been very busy. Passing up dessert, we both
agreed it was time to go, and Cal carefully placed each of the student papers
back into its labeled folder, and then into the accordion file. We got the bill,
and Cal paid for our dinner!

After I had thanked Cal and promised to try out his methods, we
parted. He didn’t know that I had walked the two miles from my home — my
small contribution to a greener planet and a better heart — and I watched as
his car disappeared into the night. In a moment of abandon, I decided to treat
myself to a cab, and as I rode home through the streets of my small city, there
wasn’t a scene we passed that didn’t seem to come alive with the possibility of
conversation. There — that guy on the bike — what would he think about the
increase in harmful algal blooms along the coast?

When I walked into the house, Michelle was back from her book club.
And I told her all about my dinner with Calais.

That was the only time I communicated with Calais Steever. He seemed to
have appeared from the ether, almost like an apparition in a 1950s sci-fi movie,
through a badly engineered bit of liquidous filming, and just as strangely, he
was gone. No record of employment on the Web site of the university to the
east. I checked with Preetha but she had only his e-mail address, and when I wrote, it came back as undeliverable. But as strange as his memory now seems to me, I still hear his voice—even, sometimes, when I’m teaching my classes—as if it’s coming out of my own mouth.

doi 10.1215/15314200-1302863